

upon Mr BOBAR DS Yew-men of the Guards to the
PHYSICK GARDEN : July. 1662

39

To the Tune of

The Counter-Scuffle.

N O more let Statues Stone, or Brasse,
(Figures of half a Horse, half Asse,
Or Ana Bull and Man, which was
a Centaure :)

Nor those two Gyants, dreadful fight,
Which in Guild-hall stand grimme, and fright
The City lads work day and night

Nor yet the Highgate-Herules,
In Garden of the good Marquesse,
Compare with Bobard, or with these

Germen, said I? no, Greenlanders;
Greener then any Whales, or Beares,
Or those Green-men on Shews of Mayors

With Weels of fire, and filthy smoak,
Which would a Chimney-sweeper choak,
And are as black as Pluto's Cloak

But these are Sons of Japh-a-Greene,
As green as Leek was ever seen,
Or any herbs that are pick'd clean

'Tis true, that Garragantua
(A Gyant Rablais made, they say)
When Physick-books, could not get Whey

That Gyant and his hollow tooth,
Got credit with Ladies, forsooth;
But that is fiction, these are truth,

Let such phantasmick things be dumb,
Ravens and Bloody boys, Tom Thomb,
All Monsters in submission come,

At these two Gyants, which do grow,
And are alive, as we do know,
And fear nor heat, nor storms, nor snow,

'Tis to be fear'd they'l grow so high,
Their heads will reach unto the skie,
I'll promise you, they'r very nigh

Bus Jacob with his Garden-sheeres,
For fear of Heaven-Combaters,
Will not permit their heads nor eares

They stand as stout as Troopers Mofs,
by-Hinksey, or Bednall-crofs,
Or Adam, after his sweet los

Magnetick Trees, which draw the Town,
The Countrey and the learned Gown,
So many go not up and down

What names to give them, is my work;
Shall they be Saracen, or Turk?
Those Knights that lie in Templars Kirk

To these tall men of mighty race,
With Murrian Head, and Murrian Face;
Let's call 'um as the Rump late was,

A name Old Nick bestow'd on them,
Builders of New Jerusalem,
Which broke the Royal Diadem,

And ruin'd all in a mad storm,
(Which they miscalled to reform)
But took our Goods, our Wine, our Corn,
and Places.

Honest Custodes these shall be,
Who keep your Plants in bravery,
The Cherry, and the Codling-tree

And Lords, and Knights, and quibbling Squires,
W' have all things here to their desires,
To please the Girdes, the Boyes, their Sires,
and Ladies,
and Babies.

They say, a man reverst's a Tree,
I never till this hour did see
Men upright Trees, Extraduce,

With mighty Thighes, and Armes, and Golts,
And Noses redder then old Noll's,
Faces as broad as Moon, or Soll's

These Gyants are for cleanliness,
They have, I'll swear, their Landresses;
Whether their names be Nan or Bess,
they have it;

These green Arborems necks about,
No filthy dirty naffy clout,
But solemn dreis of Soldat stout,

One's Armes's a Club, the other Bill,
They stand in posture for to kill,
Fright Men and Doggs, or any Bil-

No Quakers hither dare to come,
Fanaticks that sing all and some,
Nor any thing with Fife and Drum,

They look as they'd eat you up,
Yet never breakfast, dine, or sup,
Nor yet of water drink a cup,

Yet whensoe're I sup or dine,
(Rejoice in Venison and good Wine)
God grant they may be guests of mine

I should proceed i'th' Historie,
That's to describe them Cap-a-pe,
(Aleides his discoverie

As his black Rump, and Lions Skin,
Which Monsters he confounded in,
In numbers twelve) which I have seen

At the Red Bull, full many a time;
But these Green Men, whatsoe're's the crime,
Do not grow downward, but up climbe;

Nor young Jacob, hath made them Feet,
Nor Ped'stals for to stand as yet,
Nor Shoes of Velter green can get

Which is the cause this Song concludes,
And spoiles the Sport, and interludes,
The pleasure of the Multitudes;

For want of Feet, can't reherse
No more in merry dancing Verse;
Our want of Subject spoiles Commerce
and Traffique.



By G. E. (12) Edm. Gayton
Esq. Belle of Arles.
Oxon.